Reeled In

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Reeled In

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will is lonely and needs something. He wasn't expecting to meet that something again a few days later.

Chapter 1

Will hung the last of the fish to smoke and let out a heavy sigh.

Chill clung to the air, winter not yet ready to let go of its grasp and give way to Spring. At least the ice was easier to cut and the fish were still biting. Enough that Will could sell and keep his own larder full.

Knocking the snow off of his boots, Will pushed open his heavy door and savoured the comparative warmth of his cabin. It would warm more once he put more logs on the fire, but he would try to manage another hour, he couldn't go through the wood store too fast, not with the lingering dampness that lengthened the drying process. He needed to make sure he didn't burn the wood faster than he could dry more.

And that brought another sigh.

Last winter, before Buck had passed, he had a furred friend with which to share the heat whilst sitting and reading. A companion that would sleep on his cold feet. He missed having that companionship dearly when out fishing, but as always, in the cabin that feeling was eclipsed by a longer for human companionship.

Will scoffed at the idea. He wasn't a man suited to society. A dog made him a great companion, and his desire for conversation and friendship had to be satisfied with that.

He had already thrown away a possible reprieve years before. When his father had wanted him to marry Molly, the daughter of a farmer, Will had tried. He had befriended her, and he had liked her well enough, and the feeling was mutual he knew. But there wasn't love there, there wasn't desire. Will had made the choice then, he could marry and live a lie that might make them both miserable until their deaths. Or he could become a recluse and put aside those thoughts and feelings that set him apart from society. Never indulge, never relent.

Will pinched the bridge of his nose.

Such a thing was so difficult on these cold nights. And for years he had done nothing but ignore and bear it. He might have done the same again, but for the conversation he had had with one of the servants on the estate he delivered his fresh fish to. An Englishman who had fancied the stories of the Americas, he was young and eager.

And very beautiful.

Will couldn't help but admire him, and that hadn't gone unnoticed. They were alone in the courtyard when young Matthew had all but propositioned him, laughing off Will's shock. He had all but mocked Will for his prudishness and told him that he could make Will blush all the more if he came to the tavern on Guild Street in the city one Friday night.

If he walked through the woods, he knew he could get to the town in time for the coach to the city. A few hours in all, in this chill weather. But what if what the boy said was true?

He didn't want the boy himself. Beautiful as he might be, he was childish and had a cruelty about him that Will didn't like. But if this tavern was such a place as hinted, then might there be other prospects?

Will shook the thought from his mind, cursing himself for a fool.

But a week later, after a midweek dip in temperature had made rationing his wood stores difficult, Will counted out his pennies and knew he had enough for the journey, a few drinks and even a room if he could find one cheap enough.

That Friday after he'd finished his luncheon, with a small bag on his shoulder, Will wrapped up warm and set off through the forest.

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"Like that," Will gasped as the stranger's hands gripped his hips tight and pulled their bodies flush, the friction of their clothes maddening.

When he'd arrived, Will had expected the tavern to be a rowdy place. He had assumed that the atmosphere would be lively and boisterous, and in fact he'd been nervous about that. It had been a relief, once he had verified that he had been recommended by a member, to find that it was just as any other tavern might be.

All but for the back room in which he now found himself.

"Rough?" The stranger's smooth and undoubtedly foreign accent made Will shiver. He nodded emphatically, as though he had any basis for comparison.

Will had been drinking alone at the bar, on his second ale, when the barman slipped a note in front of him. He'd opened it with a frown, his mouth going dry. Will had been keeping to himself, trying to understand how this place worked. And now there was a note, asking him to come to the backroom.

Hearing the man's sensual voice made the note come to life in Will's mind.

I have been watching you all evening and I find you an intrigue. Would you do me the honour of joining me in the backroom?

In truth, the note could have said "join me for a fuck" and Will would have still made his way too the backroom. It was why he was there after all, and the note had answered the question of how things were done.

To find that the man in the dimly lit backroom was well groomed with a charming air and an enticing smile had been a bonus. Will hadn't been expecting much, and hadn't even expected to be attracted to the warm body he wanted to take pleasure in.

The room itself was occupied in the corners by a few others, and the sounds and smells that accompanied them. It had been easy to spot the lone occupant that was waiting for him, and when he did, Will's pulse raced.

The stranger kissed him hungrily, as fully clothed they rut and writhed against each other at the back of the room. The man had led him there and pushed him against the wall as soon as Will had stepped close to him.

Will shuddered as the man slid his hands from his hips to his belt, deftly undoing it in a way that was cleared eased by practice.

"You're in a hurry," Will panted. He didn't mind the pace this was moving at, far from it, but he also didn't want it to be over too soon. He wanted to savour this experience.

"It's been a while, I've been travelling. I was glad to be told of this place." The words were rumbled against his cheeks as the man pulled open Will britches and roughly pulled his cock free.

Will opened his mouth to reply, but instead gasped in a breath as the man sank to his knees and immediately sucked Will into his hot, wet mouth.

“Christ!” Will finally managed, his hands grabbing for the wall as he tried to stay upright. He squeezed his eyes tight shut and had to restrain himself from fucking into the man’s mouth.

He’d had no idea what to expect of sex here, if it even happened. He had imagined that it would be a quick fumble, perhaps rutting and touching. Nothing intimate or slow. His desire had been to bend someone over and fuck them, feel their manly form beneath him as they took him deep.

But this?

The man hummed, his hands grabbing Will’s ass and encouraging those little uncontrolled thrusts until Will’s eyes were rolling. He was sure he was about to come when the man pulled back, panting as he looked up at Will from where he knelt.

“You look beautiful like this,” the man muttered, causing Will’s breath to hitch.

He was sure he looked a mess, face flushed and hair unruly, but he preened all the same. He had never been complimented by a man before, and the act had caused a flutter in his chest.

This. This was what it was supposed to be like.

And whilst this tryst might last for only a part of this evening, he would savour it for a lifetime.

“Why am I intriguing?” Will asked, breathless.

That earned him a lopsided smile, a huffed laugh that blew cold air over his wet cock, making him shudder anew.

“You stand out. Most here are townsfolk, you look like you live off the land. Your physique is strong and I wondered how rough your hands might be.” At the words, the man took one of Will’s hands in his own, humming as he caressed it.

“I don’t know if I should feel flattered, or like a prize winning animal at a county fayre.”

“It was your face that intrigued me the most,” the man continued, unfettered. He spoke sensually as his hands moved down to his own britches and worked them open. “You look like a painting, a work of art. It’s a rare sort of beauty.”

Will gulped and couldn’t tear his eyes away as the man, still kneeling, pulled out his own stiff length and began to stroke it. The man’s eyes were on Will’s, watching for a reaction.

“You’re beautiful,” Will blurted the words, turning them back on the man, his mind having gone blank at the sight before him.

“Hmm,” the stranger smiled and opened his mouth, sucking Will deep once more.

“Fuck!” Will exclaimed, a hand flying into the man’s hair, clutching it. Another hum came then and the sensation was almost enough to make Will spill.

But he held fast, looking down, watching the pleasure on the man's face as he stroked his own cock timed to the same rhythm as he sucked Will's. Will could hardly believe what he saw. It should have been obscene, but it was beautiful, it really was!

"Come for me, please…" Will's words were little more than a whine. He gripped the man's hair tighter until he was growling around Will's cock. It felt divine, it felt like he might die.

And then there was a grunt and moan.

The end was inevitable as the man's hand, slick with his own seed, took the root of Will's cock, stroking hard and fast as he mouthed at the crown. Sucking, plunging, his lips meeting his own hand, until Will let out his own cry and came hard and fast into the stranger's throat.

They panted for long moments, the man sitting back on his haunches as Will's cock fell from his mouth. Will could see the spill of white on the floor, having expertly avoided the man's clothing. The stranger took out a handkerchief and wiped his hand clean.

"That was--" Will started, his words swallowed into a shocked cry as the stranger's tongue met his flesh and he cleaned Will of the semen he had left there.

"Too much…" Will finally managed, oversensitive almost to the point of pain. Another hum, a smile, and a kiss to his crown, the stranger stood up, pulling his own britches back together.

Will was too shaky to do the same, instead moving along the wall to one of the old, overstuffed sofas that wasn't currently occupied. There he dropped heavily down, his breath still ragged.

Would it be too much to pull the stranger into his arms? To enjoy as much of this as possible before they parted?

Will didn't need to ask, for the stranger sat next to him then, an arm around Will's shoulders and a fond smile on his lips.

"You seem quite satisfied." The stranger noted. "I had wondered if I would meet anyone here at all this evening. It was worth my visit."

"I should have--" Will gestured towards the stranger's crotch. Should he have helped in some way?

"I hope you could tell that I obtained quite enough pleasure from having you in my mouth. Your manhood is almost as beautiful as your face."

Will laughed and shook his head.

"Are you a poet or something?"

"Nothing so whimsical, I'm afraid." The smile faded slightly and the stranger drew back as he pulled a pocket watch from his pristine waistcoat. "In fact, it is my occupation that calls to me now. I still have some travelling ahead of me, alas I am unable to spend the night."

Will felt immediate disappointment, a sharp, hollow feeling in his chest. But it was tinged with a strange swell of happiness at the thought that this man might have wanted more of him if he could.

They fell into silence, sitting against each other, not quite holding each other but enough for it to be a sort of intimacy.

Finally the man pulled away, “I must get the last coach or I will inconvenience a great many people. If I didn’t abhor rudeness I might have considered missing that coach, for you.” The stranger met Will’s eyes and smiled, warm and fond.

The man stood and finally Will began to tuck himself back into his clothing. He thought that would be it, but then he was crowded against the sofa as the man leaned back down and took his mouth again. It was a slow, luxurious kiss that had Will sighing as they parted.

“It was a pleasure,” the man muttered against Will’s lips before he righted himself and was gone.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

An unexpected turn of events leads to an even more unexpected reunion.

For days, the encounter at the tavern consumed Will entirely. Every thought was a “what if”. What if they had spent the night together, what if they lived in a world that didn’t care if men loved other men. Such ridiculous thoughts, and all pointless, of course. It was over and done with and the stranger had been bound for some other place.

Will stopped himself from sinking in melancholy thoughts by savouring the encounter for what it had been. It had been enough.

Enough for now, and possibly forever. For Will couldn’t imagine returning to that place and ever being satisfied with someone else. And he wasn’t sure he could bear to return there in the future hoping the stranger would somehow be there and have those hopes dashed again and again.

In some small way, Will hoped that there would be a time to come when he thought less of this stranger and might take pleasure in someone else. He tried to believe that there hadn’t really been the connection he so deeply felt, but that this was virginal naivety. That he might have felt the same pull towards anyone he experienced such new intimacy with.

That, he knew, was untrue. Otherwise he might just as easily had sex with Matthew Brown.

That thought cropped up as he carried a small crate of fish up to the big house, knowing that Matthew would likely harass him as usual. Something he had suddenly a lot less tolerance for. He could see the man himself standing in the back courtyard as Will approached.

Will was passing the stables when he realised someone was watching. At the stable door a young man scowled after him.

“A friend of yours?” Will asked as he got to Matthew and looked back to the stables where the young man still stood, glaring with a frown.

“Don’t mind him,” Matthew grinned as he took the crate. “That’s Randall Tier. He works in the stables, just gets a bit jealous.”

Matthew leaned in close to say the words and Will was more than aware what that might look like from where Randall stood.

Will huffed and shook his head, “I don’t have time for your games.”

Matthew laughed and passed Will the envelope with the money he was owed for the fish, his hand brushing over Will's as he did so, making Will reel back.

Matthew laughed again as Will walked away under the glare of the man called Randall.

Will didn't think any more of the exchange until later that day, taking his money into the town to buy some supplies. He saw Randall Tier there standing near the store, watching Will as he walked back towards the path to the woods.

The look in the man's eyes made Will wary, but it wasn't until he heard the steps behind him that he turned. Despite being on guard, Will hadn't expected the sudden violence of a fist to his jaw.

He was on the floor looking up at Randall before he knew it. There was a dark look in the man's eyes as he growled, "stay away from Matthew. He isn't for you."

Will blinked, clarity settling over the situation a moment before Randall kicked him in the gut. When he went in for a second kick, Will caught his foot and yanked. It was a surprise enough to pull Randall off his feet.

He hit the ground heavily next to Will, a hard thud that slammed the air out of his lungs. Will seized the opportunity and threw himself on top of Randall, pinning him down.

"Don't make a fool of yourself," Will told the young man who then tried to buck him off.

They struggled for a moment more, until they rolled and Will was underneath, fists flying at him. Will put up his arms to defend himself before throwing the man off and straddling him again.

"Stop!" Will insisted, but when the young man swung for him again, Will swung back. He carried on hitting until Randall finally stopped fighting and his own bloodied knuckles fell as he tried to catch his breath.

When he recovered, it was clear to Will that Randall was unconscious. He didn't need to see the man's bloodied face for that. With a grunt Will got to his feet, leaving his bag where it was he hauled Randall up onto his back and started up the path towards the small town.

"Mr Graham?" Mrs Komeda was the first to see him, which seemed fitting for the busy body.

"Do you know if Doctor Sutcliffe is in?" Will asked as he made his way to the doctor's cottage.

"Doctor Sutcliffe retired, there's a new doctor."

Involving herself, as she was wont to do, Mrs Komeda ran ahead of him to the doctor's house-come-surgery and knocked on the door.

When the door opened Will's breath caught in his throat. Both he and the doctor stopped and stared at each other for a moment. Apparently not long enough for Mrs Komeda to notice, but it felt like an age to Will.

“Doctor, this man is injured and needs your assistance.” Mrs Komeda stated the obvious. The doctor acknowledged her politely and then ushered them all inside, directing Will to lay Randall on a table at the centre of the front room they had been directed into.

“What happened to him?” The doctor asked as he began looking over Randall.

“He picked a fight he wasn’t able to win.” Will replied, ignoring the stinging pain in his split knuckles.

“I need to tend to these wounds,” the doctor advised as he began to rummage through cabinets and drawers for ointments and wrappings. “Mrs Komeda, my nurse isn’t here at the moment, would you be so kind as to fetch a pail of water from the kitchen?”

Preening at having been given a task by the enthralling man, she did as bid, leaving Will and the doctor alone with Randall unconscious between them.

“Is this a habit?” The doctor asked with a cool air but one of calm not coldness.

“He set upon me in the woods over an imagined slight.”

“It was kind of you to bring him to me then, you could as well have left him there.”

Will wanted the doctor to meet his eyes and acknowledge that he truly did remember him. But he didn’t, cataloguing Randall’s injuries instead.

“I’m in your way,” Will finally decided aloud and started towards the door.

“Wait,” the doctor followed and grabbed Will’s wrist, pulling him back. This time their eyes met and Will wanted nothing more than to kiss the man again. His wonderful stranger who was now somehow here before him.

The doctor’s eyes dropped as he lifted Will’s hands, studying the lacerations.

“These need to be treated too. But I must see to this young man first. Will you give me your address? I will make a house call this evening.”

Will swallowed at the words, trying not to let his heart thunder in his chest. This was a doctor, offering to pay a visit to treat wounds, it might be nothing more than that. It should be nothing more than that if they were sensible.

Their eyes met again and Will’s mouth went dry. The doctor stepped forward, reaching past Will to close the door that separated the room from the rest of the house.

Before he had even registered the click of the door closing, Will was up against it. They kissed hard and breathless, bodies pressed together again as they had on that night. It felt like it lasted forever, but had to be merely moments before the doctor pulled back, panting.

“You seem to have me losing all sense of decorum. You have occupied my mind a great deal.” The doctor admitted.

“I can say the same.” Will replied, breathless.

“Where do you live?” The desperation and longing in the man’s words made it clear that it would be more than a doctor’s rounds.

“I live out by the river. There is a path from the end of this street through the woods. It becomes a little more overgrown the closer you get to my cabin.”

The doctor nodded, “I will find it, I will be there in a few hours.”

And with that the door was reopened moments before Mrs Komeda’s shoes clipped towards them. Will exited the room as she entered, leaving them to see to Randall.

The walk home passed quicker than usual. Will collected his spilled groceries from the woods, mostly untouched, and took to the path. His thoughts whirling and mind buzzing, he walked in a daze. No, he trotted without realising it. An eagerness to be home, ready for his guest.

But that left so much time when he got there. Time filled with nervous energy that he tried to believe he didn’t have. Will wanted to believe that he was calm and collected, and on the outside he might have seemed that way, but inside his mind kept replaying over that night in the tavern. Feeling anew that connection he was sure had been there.

In the end, Will decided to prepare some of the fish in his smokehouse, ignoring the sting in his wrapped knuckles at the manual work.

Time passed then, as long as he tried to remain busy, until finally there was a knock at the cabin door.

Will’s breath caught in his throat and his hands stilled at the sound. He swallowed and placed the fish down before opening the door to the smokehouse and looking over to the cabin where the doctor stood in a smart coat and hat, doctor’s bag at his side. Prim and proper and every inch the foreign gentleman, such a different visage from that night in the tavern.

The movement must have caught the doctor’s eye, as he then moved his attention to Will and smiled. A small thing, barely there and yet it seemed to convey so much.

It was almost dark out, just light enough for the doctor to have found his way. Will grabbed a rag for his hands and walked over to the doctor, trying not to break into a grin, or to run to him. All the things he wanted to do.

“You found your way okay,” Will commented, his chest swelling when the doctor’s smile grew.

“I did.”

Will wanted to return the smile, but even out here in the middle of nowhere, he was smart enough to be wary. So instead he simply gave a curt nod and moved past the doctor to open the door to the cabin and let them both in.

When they stepped inside, Will immediately lit a couple of lamps and then let out a long, shuddering breath.

It felt like he was releasing his true self into this private space. A space he now shared with someone else for the first time.

Will turned to find the doctor had moved towards him, standing close as he reached down to take Will's hand even as their eyes did not leave each other.

It was Will who finally looked away from the intense gaze, and at that the doctor lifted his hands and began to unwrap the soiled cloth bindings.

He touched the lacerations gently, before moving away from Will and to the jug and bowl he had noted on the sideboard that thankfully still held water from the morning.

"Mr Tier will recover," the doctor said as he carried the bowl to the small table. "And likely has learned a lesson. Let's hope for his sake that you were Randall Tier's final enemy. Next time he may not be so lucky."

Will swallowed, watching the doctor move gracefully as he lifted the jug from the bowl and poured out some of the water. Will understood the meaning there, the doctor's understanding that Will had held back, that he could have done a lot more damage if he had not. Their eyes met again and the doctor nodded towards the seat, bidding Will to take it. So he did.

The doctor took the opposite chair and both remained wordless as he took Will's hands once more and pressed them down into the water, delicately cleaning the broken and bruised skin.

Will's heart thundered in his chest at the touch, and this time he didn't try to hide his increasingly rapid breathing.

The cleaning brought fresh blood that rose in the water like pink-orange smoke, but the accompanying sting of renewed pain was nothing. Will's body feeling and reacting only to the gentle hands on his.

It was suddenly so overwhelming. This intimate touch that should simply be a doctor treating a patient but was undeniably more. He wanted to feel those hands on him, wanted to suck the man's cock as he had done for Will. But instead he found himself freezing at the enormity of it all, of this happening in his home and not some anonymous place.

"Don't go inside," the doctor rumbled gently. "You'll want to retreat. Stay with me."

The tone was level but there was something about that last, the invitation to remain in this place and time with the man who had been his lover of just one, all too short evening.

"Where else would I go?" Will replied, breathless as he met the doctor's gaze again. They remained focused on one another until the doctor lifted Will's hands from the water and dried them with the same delicate care. Finally the tension between them was broken when the doctor reached into his bag and withdrew fresh, clean bandages and began to rewrap Will's hands with affectionate tenderness.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Doctor Lecter's house visit becomes even more intimate.

Will knew that he hadn't imagined the doctor's affection, because when the last of the wrapping was tied off, the doctor lifted Will's hands and pressed kisses to his palms.

"This is very different than before," Will muttered, then swallowed.

"We were strangers then, it was a different sort of intimacy." The doctor allowed.

At that Will huffed a light chuckle. "We're still strangers. We've simply seen each other in the daylight now."

The doctor's smile was lopsided and he spoke between more kisses.

"I'm Hannibal Lecter. I came to work here as the town doctor."

Will smiled, "Will Graham. Fisherman."

Hannibal nodded and let out a gentle laugh that Will remembered from their previous encounter.

"A fisherman? Fitting since you've reeled me in entirely." He stroked his own thumb over the back of Will's hand.

"I thought living next to the river might have been a giveaway."

"Not at all," Hannibal kissed down to Will's wrist. "There are many reasons a person might wish to live a reclusive life."

Will cleared his throat and Hannibal let go of his hand sensing the change in mood.

"The other night… I don't usually… I'm not. I mean, I am, but I don't…" Will tried to find the words, discomfort settling over him.

"I apologise if I've overstepped," Hannibal replied sincerely, slowly but surely closing up his bag and getting to his feet.

That was enough to spur Will. He was reminded of that moment when Hannibal had left the tavern, aching all over again.

“Is there a bill to pay?” Will asked quickly, as he rose too. He desperately wanted to extend the meeting, his comfort be damned. What was that but a life he was used to? A life unfulfilled?

“Not today.” Hannibal’s voice was low and husky. “I may need to make another home visit to redress your wound. It wouldn’t do to get infected. Your hands are too precious for your line of work.”

Will nodded, “I could pay the bill then. Settle up at the end?”

He hadn’t been entirely conscious of how close they stood now, but they were little more than a breath apart. Both leaning closer without consciously meaning to.

“I’ll give you whatever you want,” Will added, breathless as Hannibal’s lips hovered just above his own.

Hannibal struck like a snake, kissing him hungrily as his bag dropped to the floor. A quick, biting kiss before he drew back, smiling fondly at Will.

“I have no housekeeper engaged at the moment. No one, as yet, to notice if I don’t return home tonight.”

Will’s breathing quickened and his cock thickened at those words, at their meaning. At their promise, if he was willing to take it.

“Don’t go home.” Will immediately responded, the words rushing from his mouth directly from his chest.

“Will,” his name came out with reverence, breathless. It made Will shudder, all the more so when Hannibal then cupped his cheek in one warm hand.

“We’re so different,” Will thought aloud, thinking of his own calloused hands. “A doctor and a fisherman, I doubt we have much in common.”

At that, a wonderful grin spread across Hannibal’s face.

“We have at least one common interest,” Hannibal chuckled the words and leaned in, pressing his lips gently to Will’s

Will opened to the kiss, and within moments it was heated, passionate. Will began pulling at Hannibal’s clothes though the doctor merely held onto his hips, holding him in place as he pushed their bodies together and they could both feel their mutual arousal.

Will broke the kiss with a moan.

Panting, Hannibal asked, breathless, “bed?”

Will trembled.

The thought was inconceivable. To have a man in his bed. He had never dreamed such a thing would ever be possible. But here they were.

“Yes,” was all the reply he could manage as he took a step back from Hannibal. He looked the doctor up and down, his arousal clear despite how put together he still seemed. Will found himself frozen to the spot until Hannibal reached out his hand.

Will took it.

“Lead the way, dear boy.”

Will swallowed, his heart hammering in his chest, he did as he was bid.

With Hannibal’s hand in his own he led the doctor from the living area to the small bedroom at the back of the cabin. Every step felt strange, like he was being pulled back and pushed forward at the same time as common sense warred with desire.

“You’re nervous. We needn’t-” Hannibal started.

“No,” Will objected, stopping at the open door to the bedroom. “I just… never imagined such a thing. And I have a very good imagination.”

Hannibal’s smile was soft. “Perhaps if I take the lead?”

Will felt a small sense of relief and he nodded. He knew his inexperience was obvious, but he didn’t wish to say anything aloud. Instead he found himself with mixed emotions over the thought that Hannibal was likely a lot more experienced. It was comforting, but also filled him with irrational and seething jealousy.

They were next to the bed before Will realised it, moving without thought as he led Hannibal, or Hannibal pursued him. He wasn’t sure which was true. Both perhaps.

“Are you quite alright?” Hannibal asked, concern clear.

Will waved away the words, “yes. It’s just… I find myself suddenly jealous of anyone and everyone you have been in this position with.”

Will was surprised by Hannibal’s laughter. “I was just thinking the same of you.”

Will smiled at that, flattered. He shook his head all the same.

“What is it you see in me?”

Hannibal frowned. “Do you really not see your own beauty? You are exquisite and I love exquisite things.”

“A simple attraction.” Will commented, trying not to sound as disappointed as he felt.

“You think so?” Hannibal asked. “I don’t. My intrigue was with your beauty, but I believe both of us went beyond that at our previous meeting, no? I got far more than I bargained for.

Beauty, yes. But I know you felt the connection between us. I think if we scratch the surface we will find much more interest in each other."

Will's heart was racing. He had undeniably felt that, and hoped that it was mutual. To hear that it was… it was enough to make him tremble. Whether as a tease or a defence, he wasn't entirely sure, but Will found himself drawing back a little.

"Perhaps I don't find you that interesting."

Hannibal chuckled and pulled Will close, "you will," he muttered just above Will's lips before kissing him again.

From there, time passed in a way Will had never known before. They were on the bed, Will's rough sheets under their naked flesh, and Will couldn't say if minutes or weeks had passed.

Despite being naked, nothing had yet happened further than that night in the tavern, and not even that. They had kissed, hands stroking over each other's skin and fingers gently exploring, but Hannibal had made no further move and Will truly was waiting for his lead. He had, of course, thought many times how loving a man would work - the things they could do and the ways in which they could touch each other.

But the reality was now upon him, and he didn't want to do anything that might put Hannibal off. He was right after all, Will definitely did find him interesting. Every last inch of him.

When Hannibal rolled away from Will, looking at him adoringly, it finally seemed as though things would progress.

"I have something in my bag, let me-" Hannibal slipped from Will's grasp and disappeared back into the other room, returning moments later with an ointment bottle in his hand.

Will watched the doctor move, so confident in his nudity and arousal. There was a casualness about it that made Will ache for it. For more of this unimaginable life.

When Hannibal opened the bottle and began to pour the lightly scented, viscous fluid onto his fingers.

"A little presumptive?" Will noted, wanting to fill the silence as butterflies fluttered in his belly.

"Very," Hannibal agreed with a wolfish grin.

When he settled back on the bed, laying face to face with Will, they started to kiss once more. The gentle kissing eased the tension that was holding Will's body tight, the nervous anticipation of those fingers, that oil.

So it was with a slightly shocked gasp into Hannibal's soft mouth, that Will realised Hannibal was preparing himself. Will felt him rocking slightly, his lips becoming a little more lax by the moment.

"Will," Hannibal muttered, soft but full of desire.

Unsure what to do, Will took both his and Hannibal's cock in a loose hand and began rubbing them together, stroking them and spreading their natural lubricant over both of their crowns. It was enough to make him shiver, the intensity bringing him close to climax.

"No, wait…" Hannibal encouraged, pulling back a little. Enough to take hold of the bottle and pour more oil into his hand. This time he did not return his hand to where Will had imagined it must be, but instead wrapped it around Will's cock and began to stroke, slow and hard. The glide was like nothing Will had ever known, having only ever used his own spit to ease the way.

He was gasping and trembling as Hannibal continued to stroke and eased him onto his back. Will was practically floating when Hannibal straddled his thighs.

It wasn't until Hannibal slowed and stilled his hand that Will realised that he'd barely been able to draw breath, and that he was shaking.

"Is it too overwhelming, Will?" Hannibal caressed him gently, no grip in his fingers.

"No," Will shook his head adamantly, "no, it's good. Please…"

Hannibal began to stroke again with tender care, and Will found himself relaxing back. Closing his eyes.

"I've wanted you since the moment I laid eyes on you, Will." Hannibal muttered, "so beautiful, but so much more. Aren't you, Will. The fisherman who could lure me in. One day you'll understand how rare that is."

Will drew in a sharp breath as he felt Hannibal move and take him in hand. He squeezed his eyes even tighter shut, knowing that to open them would end things all too soon. His imagination supplied more than enough detail as Hannibal pressed Will to his entrance, rubbing him there for a moment before he began to lower himself.

It was a slow pressure causing Will let out a groan that came from his soul. Hannibal sank onto him inch by inch, letting out his own gasps of pleasure. Will could sense how much the doctor was trying not to clench around him, trying to stay pliable.

It seemed as though they hung suspended in time as Hannibal drew himself flush, entirely seated on Will's cock. At the sensation of being so wholly swallowed, Will had to stop his body from coiling up like a spring, and was unable to hold back a cry.

"Jesus wept!" Will exclaimed, his hands flying to Hannibal's hips and gripping him hard. "Don't move… please… Dammit."

He opened his eyes then, daring to look at Hannibal's face but not at where they joined. Hannibal's expression was one of bliss and satisfaction, his smile ever so slightly lifted at the corner but not quite a smirk.

"It's alright, Will." The doctor gentled, running his hands along Will's tense arms. "I won't move until you ask me to."

“I’ll come.” Will explained, though he knew it was unnecessary.

Hannibal nodded, “I know. I want you to. I want to give you such pleasure as you’ve never known. I want to ruin you for anyone else. You will always be mine, Will. Just as I knew from the moment I saw you.”

Any other person, in any other circumstances, uttering such words would have unnerved Will. He might have thought them deluded and dangerous. But here and now, Hannibal above him, that was not the case. For those words spoke to his own need, his own desires.

“I was ruined the moment we set hands on each,” Will replied, breathless. “At the tavern. I knew if I could never have you again then there was no point trying with another.”

Hannibal let out a gratified hum at that and began to gently rock.

It was a soft motion that slammed the breath from Will’s lungs all the same. His fingers dug tighter into Hannibal’s hips and he only eased off when he saw the slight wince that Hannibal wasn’t quick enough to hide - an expression there one moment and gone the next.

“Do you wish to set the pace, Will?” Hannibal asked as he fell forward, his hands either side of Will’s head. Strands of his hair fell out of place and hung down, making him look so much softer. Hannibal bore little resemblance to the suited man who had knocked on his door.

The change in position made it clear it wasn’t really a question, but Will nodded all the same, loosening his grip so that he was just holding Hannibal’s hips gently. Will took a breath and planted his feet, resisting the urge to fuck up into Hannibal, given that he would immediately come if he did.

Instead he rocked them for a few minutes, growing accustomed to the sensation of being inside another man, wondering what it might be like to switch positions some time - for there had to be more than this.

As they moved, Hannibal became more undone above him. His hair growing all the more dishevelled with each movement, sweating beading on his brow. Will could see the strain in his arms, much more muscular than one might expect from a doctor. They were strong, and Will knew without a doubt, Hannibal could hold him down and he’d struggle to be released. And wasn’t that another interesting thought?

Will throbbed inside Hannibal, unable to hold back any longer even if it meant spilling so soon.

With a firmer hold, Will moved Hannibal’s hips, guiding him up and feeling Hannibal respond immediately until Will was moving him up and down. Hannibal was rising and sinking on half the length of Will’s cock and it felt like the best pleasure anyone could know.

Will wasn’t sure if it was he or Hannibal that began to speed up the motions. Perhaps both of them equally, as the bed began to creak beneath them.

“Will, I’m close…” Hannibal muttered, sounding less collected than Will had heard him previously.

Will grunted in response, taking hold of Hannibal’s hips hard again and fucking up into him, meeting Hannibal as he sank down until the sound of their slapping flesh echoed around the small room.

“Fuck… Hannibal…” Will cursed and then let out a strangled cry as he felt his climax mount and then suddenly crest. Hannibal might have thought that Will continued to thrust, but it was his body convulsing through the orgasm.

“Yes, Will. Yes!” Hannibal panted, riding Will until he finally began to settle. And then as he did, Hannibal moved back up and took himself in hand, three quick strokes was all it took for Hannibal to spill over Will’s chest and stomach.

A moment later Hannibal fell back onto his hands, caging Will in and panting heavily before he lowered himself.

“I am interesting now, Will?” Hannibal muttered just above Will’s mouth before pressing in for a gentle kiss.

Will let out an exhausted chuckle that was swallowed into Hannibal’s mouth.

Will didn’t remember falling asleep, but before he knew it he was waking.

He recalled Hannibal cleaning them both up much as he had cleaned Will’s wounds. He recalled laying side by side, facing each other and studying each other’s faces. He realised that must have been the last thing he had seen before he fell asleep.

But the space was empty now. The small bed occupied by only one.

Will’s heart sank, as well as he understood that the doctor had need to leave, the sun was up and-

“You’re awake,” Hannibal’s voice rumbled from the door and Will glanced up to see him there, once more dressed and with his hat in hand and coat over his arm.

Despite how neat and tidy Hannibal now looked, how stark and professional, there was a slight stubble and a softness in his eyes that Will knew was just for him.

“You have to go,” Will assumed and Hannibal nodded.

“I have appointments this morning.” He spoke as he walked to the bed and leaned down, pressing a kiss to Will’s mussed hair. “But I will be back this evening… to check on your wounds of course.”

“Of course,” they smiled at each other.

When Hannibal walked back towards the door, setting his hat on his head, Will asked, “and what about when you finally take on a housekeeper?”

If one thing was clear from the night they had shared, it was that this was the beginning of something more. Something Will would never have even dreamed of before.

“I may find an interest in the botany of these woods. Or perhaps I’ll take up fishing, perhaps learn how you reeled me in so completely,” Hannibal grinned. “Rest assured my wonderful boy, nothing will keep me from you for long.”

The promise, the threat, in those words made Will smile as he watched his lover leave, already anticipating his return as he sank back into the bed with a satisfaction he had never known before.

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